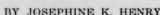


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GOOD THINGS IN SOME OF MY EXCHANGES.

In the "Humanitarian Review" under the head "The Horrors of Sport," is an article by Lady Florence Dixie, against cruelty to animals, a theme of interest to all humanitarians and moralists.

If cruelty to animals went no further than its effect upon the animals, even then it should be opposed by all good people, but cruelty to animals begets cruelty to human beings.

Lady Dixie whose name should make her known to us of the South, has traveled in all countries and engaged in the masculine "sport" of shooting large animals, as our president and some royalty have done.

Lady Dixie finally became ashamed of it and is using her influence in favor of kindness to animals.

She fittingly caricatures the hunting of these royal people who shoot the penned up game that is driven to them.

Her depiction of the sufferings of the hunted game is enough to touch any kind heart, and arouse against those who cause such suffering for sport.

In the Liberal Review Mrs. Josephine K. Henry pays a just tribute to Lady Dixie.

In the H. R. occurs the following: "From the Agnostic Journal of London, England, I learn of the protracted and very painful illness of Lady Florence Dixie, occasioned by a fall which ruptured tendons and muscles of one of her limbs. I know all Review readers will unite with me in sorrowful sympathy with this zealous Humanitarian who is doing so much to prevent suffering of all sentient creatures, and in earnestly hoping for her early and complete restoration of health."

The Humanitarian Review, in several paragraphs plainly expresses itself against free love and anarchism that are now being encouraged by the worst class of infidels. I hope it will give us a full editorial against these "twain relics," as he fittingly calls them. The two seems nearly always to go together, though there seems no reason why they should do so except that perverted minds naturally love immorality.

The H. R. contains an account of P. Ray Mills, "the reformed evangelist," delivering an address to the G. A. R. in which he complimented Paine. As I recollect Mills as a preacher and saw how kind of him as an infidel I think "it is the unexpected" that happens in matters of this kind. The Liberal Review has an article against the punishment of children that is good. An immense revolution on that subject has taken place in my memory. I remember when in the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky there were two men, named Hicks and Ellis who had schools at different places, and parents sent their children to these two teachers to be reformed by whipping, as would not now be done in any penal institution anywhere. I knew a physician who said "more children are whipped because their parents have sour stomachs than for any other reason." In the "Searchlight" there is an article on the "Development of Retrospective Discipline" that takes the right view of the treatment of criminals in the penitentiaries. This is one of the growing sciences.

One of the worst sentences that was ever printed in any book, is the one in the Bible that says, "Vengeance is mine," and "I will repay, saith the Lord."

That sentence and Solomon's "Spare the rod and spoil the child" have made more unnecessary suffering in the world than has been counteracted by all the good in the Bible.

The advanced and moral view of punishment now is that vengeance is no proper part of punishment but that criminals are sent to penitentiaries on the same principles that lunatics are sent to asylums for the good and for the good of the public.

If some of the judges and prosecuting attorneys and juries who send people to prisons, and preachers who teach the people that there is a hell were sent to spend a year or so in a penitentiary managed by a man like E. G. Coffin, my old friend and warden it would be a blessing for the country. There are thousands of people in the penitentiaries of the United States who have been sent there to gratify the drunken vengeance of the officials who sent them and who are far better men than the officers who now take them. Dr. Hammer, of Newton, Iowa one of the most devoted husbands and fathers that I ever saw and one of the finest citizens and kindest and most tender hearted physician I ever saw, has recently finished a term in the Iowa penitentiary to which he was sent simply because he is an infidel. But he was kindly treated while there, by the prison officials who are nearly always better men than court officials and Dr. Hammer will be all the more honored and loved by those who know him.

I have known some prosecuting attorneys like Col. John R. Allen, for instance, of Lexington, who are Christians and excellent men too, but the ordinary prosecuting attorney is a brutal Christian who is never so happy as when he has just succeeded in bringing misery upon others.

Editor Shaw's editorials are always good, but I wish he would write more of them in favor of morals and against vice.

The various publications in the United States that are conducted in the interest of doing away with bad morals, and are really or professedly infidel, their infidelity being merely secondary and quasi.

But there is one, and fortunately only one, paper in America that is really infidel that advocates bad morals, chief among which are free love and anarchy. It does not dare to do this openly, but it does it covertly through publication of articles from its correspondents, various of whom are free-lovers and anarchists, one or both, and thus shifts the responsibility for what they say.

All infidel editors will recognize the paper alluded to, as is evident from a little comment on page 270, of the Humanitarian Review for July.

If the other infidel publications are to be moral, as I believe they are intended to be, this particular publication must be repudiated by them all and forced to acknowledge that while it is really an infidel paper its purpose is to make money by propagating free love, anarchy, and immorality. If it is not recognized as true, by other infidel papers, then no injustice is done to any infidel publisher, but it is great injustice to the memories of such infidels as Paine, Lincoln and Ingersoll to have any public praise given them in one column, while in the next free love and anarchy are advocated.

I do not want to be unkind to that paper or to anybody else, but the defense of good morals makes me say what I do.

SOME NEWSPAPER ITEMS

On the morning of July 4th, in the Courier-Journal and Lexington Leader there are the following items.

At Bloomfield, Indiana Ray Stalcup blew out his wife's brains with a gun. Then killed his daughter by cutting her throat with a razor and then blew out his own brains. The account says, "Both Mr. and Mrs. Stalcup were members of the Baptist church and were devoted and respected."

Just below this account is one saying that at Richmond, Indiana John Bowman, a bank cashier suddenly, sixty years old, bank's affairs in good condition, no known cause for the suicide.

At Topeka, Kansas, a large bank has suspended from the peculation of its millionaire cashier.

At Dantzle in Germany, the magnificent tower of a famous church built in 1326 and its chime of bells were destroyed by lightning.

In Minneapolis, Bishop Isaac W. Joyce of the Methodist church falls, in the pulpit stricken by apoplexy, aged 69. These are samples of what are in our newspapers. Then come the accounts of wars and hangings of people who are always religious and then whole pages are devoted to horse, racing and base-ball and foot-ball and prize fighting and the sermons of preachers and college professors and others who are saying that the Bible is not true.

Among all these you never see an editorial discussing these things and encouraging morality.

If you talk to a Christian about Ray Stalcup's case, he answers you by saying, "Oh, Stalcup was crazy," and that must be taken as a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon without telling why Stalcup was crazy, or without giving any other evidence that he was crazy.

Pick up a Socialist paper and you read that all the misery in the world is caused by poverty and yet Stalcup and the suiciding bank cashier were not poor.

The papers report suicides of people who have just lost their money, but I think it is a rare thing that we ever read of the suicide who did not drink liquor and worked hard.

A few days since, Alfred Belt, worth \$500,000,000 jumped overboard from a steamer and drowned himself and a few days ago Barney — the "diamond King," worth hundreds of millions did the same thing. They say it was Belt's bad health that made him suicide, but Rockefeller is in bad health, and he is a Christian and Carnegie is an infidel does not suicide and so poverty or religion or infidelity is the cause of suicide and yet people are suiciding and they only suicide because they are miserable. If the churches and preachers would discuss the matters of this kind, instead of spending their money and their time in trying to make people believe

the unreasonable stories of the Bible, they would do good. The story of the lightning striking the church is so often in the papers that there is no excuse for men of good common sense not learning a lesson from it. It does not prove that there is no God, but it does prove that if there is a God, he cares no more for a church than for any other house.

The Bible contains various accounts of men who fall dead suddenly, such as Dathan and Abiram and Korah and Uzza, and Ananias, and the women Lot's wife and Sapphira, because God was angry with them.

The more intelligent people are now generally, discrediting these unreasonable Bible stories, but if some Christians still insist that those stories are true, and they want to be reasonable and logical, they must conclude that the remarkably great number of preachers that are reported by the papers as falling dead in their pulpits is an evidence of God's disapproval of preaching and praying, especially as Jesus Christ taught that all praying should be done in private and the only account of any public praying done in the Bible is that done by Solomon, one of the most wicked men that ever lived and that done by the Pharisees, who stood on the corner of the street and prayed that he might be seen by men.

Just as intelligent people do not believe that people in the Bible fell dead from God's anger, so do the same people not believe that preachers at this day, fall dead in their pulpits from God's anger.

If there is any God he does not care any more for a preacher than he cares for a distiller as the lightning shows that he does not care any more for a church than he does for a distillery. In Lexington about five years ago, a splendid Campbellite church and a beautiful brewery were built near each other. Lightning struck the church, but never touched the brewery, and a Catholic church in Lexington had the steeple burnt off by lightning, while nobody ever heard of one of the famous distilleries of Lexington, or its fine race course buildings being hurt by lightning.

Greek and Latin mythology speak of Jupiter or Jove using lightning to express his wrath and the Bible frequently speaks of Jehovah as using lightning light to express his wrath.

Jove and Jehovah are but different names for the same god, or God, and the lightning idea in each instance is the same and came from the same ignorant, mythical or poetic source, and the fact that churches are so often struck by lightning is because they are built higher than other houses by the foolishness and vanity of those who build them and if saloon keepers were foolish enough to put steeples on their saloons as high as church steeples, saloon steeples would be struck by lightning just as church steeples now are.

The explanation of all this is that it is all governed by natural laws. As Jehovah existed eternally and yet exist eternally and God has no more to do with it than I have.

Rev. Dr. Bartlett of the Presbyterian church in Lexington was the most cultivated and popular preacher in Lexington, and I have recollections of various times when he was kind to me though he was once opposed to me when I especially needed friends. Right in the midst of a prayer, in his church, he fell from apoplexy and was taken out and lingered a sufferer for years and then died with his mind all gone.

This thing has happened so often that it cannot be accidental. Lawyers and politicians make speeches ten times as long as preachers do, and put into their speeches ten times as much earnestness as preachers do, yet lawyers and politicians hardly ever die from any cause except whiskey drinking. I have been at infidel congresses where they spoke so long that I wished some of them would drop dead, but never yet saw one of them hurt by it.

I rank among the poorest of persons on earth, and yet at some of these infidel congresses I have spoken when every nerve in my heart and brain was on a strain, and yet while Bishop Joyce of about my age falls in his pulpit I do not feel as if I could do farm work to-day.

The explanation of it all is that preachers do no work. Their Bible teaches them that labor was a curse imposed upon men and they do no work who really labor is one of the greatest of all blessings and no man can be happy without physical labor.

The whole country is demoralized on this subject of labor. The man who has to live by his labor if he lives outside of a poor-house, does the principle part of his work and spends a great part of his money in trying to do the smallest amount of labor for the largest amount of money, and young men, under the training of Christian colleges will do the hardest labor playing football, who would be doing moderate labor that would produce some money.

The preachers in Lexington stopped

the selling of milk and ice on Sunday, but they gladly patronize the newspapers that advertise their sermons and advertise base-ball on Sunday, in Lexington or other cities to which crowded excursion trains run on Sunday.

Arlington, Md., July 1, 1905.
Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky.

Respectful Madam:—I received the pamphlet, "Women of the Bible," and regard it as a very fine freethought tract. If one could only be placed in the hands of each woman in this land, I believe that the Atheistic millennium would dawn in short order. It seems to be woman's nature to put implicit faith in all that priests say, while discounting all that other men say. How many homes are there where a man of the house says: "Damn" when church or preacher is mentioned in his hearing? He looks as if he means it, too, when he says it.

There are thousands of men who say "to hell with religion" and yet they help and keep it on its feet, under the mistaken notion that if there was no religious restraint their throats would not be safe from the assassins' knife while they sleep. In this country, every treacherous thug that is now down is a religionist. In Japan where religion is not in favor there are few assassinations. The Japs are better without religion than Americans are with it. The new (to us) Japanese civilization will spread over the world like wild fire, and Christianity will melt before it like a melt before a snowflake. What little of civilization we have based upon chivalry towards woman and that was borrowed from the Moors of Spain. The Gauls, Goths, Morians and Teutons as well as the Celts treated woman as a degradation since the Christian Keldists came in contact with the Saracens and then they took up chivalry as a knightly fad. As a serious proposition, woman's sphere in society is still circumscribed by half educated men, who is, in turn, dominated by a priesthood and a spiritism, at that. You seem to have forgotten one prominent lady of the Bible, Mrs. Jael, who nailed a gentleman's head to the floor, should have had her proper share of your attention.

As an inventive genius, she, with God given lustre in her illustrious achievement. As Mrs. Jael was doing the work of God, she, no doubt, is crowned with a tiara of celestial jewels that make a real halo about her lovely brow. With white feathers she makes from a feather, a typical angel of mercy. So, if you ever become endowed with mediocrity powers and want to call on an angel call Jael and I'll bet a smooth time that you will hear her tap with her hammer in response. As Jael's action is laudable, the hammer and nail that Jael used, I suppose that Jael carried both to cloudland with her to keep the throne in repair. She is the most appropriate bride of Christ, extant as she was as much a carpenter as he was, and two half carpenters might make a real journeyman. She was the first woman and the last that could drive a nail. If Eve had had her talent and had nailed Adams wooden head to that apple tree a lot of trouble and lying might have been spared the world. wrote a letter to the Sun-Sentinel in relation to one of your articles, but I am afraid that the editor is not insured against lightning and it did not pass the waste-basket. A hundred years from now he will not think as he now does. I intended to send a letter of praise for your splendid effort and I have gotten away from my subject. Yours for the advancement of woman.—JNO. F. CLARKE.

men. Neither of them is a drunkard, gambler patron of horse racing, base ball, foot-ball or automobiles.

Neither of them has run over anybody and killed him without stopping to look back as is so commonly reported of automobilists.

They have more money than Edward VII and could afford to indulge in all the excesses that that useless libertine has done but neither of them are reported to have done so.

It seems possible that donations to schools may be overdone, as compared with other public benefits that are to be designed, and the attention of these rich men should be called to other charitable institutions.

Rockefeller has been generous to the South. It seems to me that it would be a great kindness and justice if he would assist, in some way, the poor among the old Negroes who were once slaves.

I believe the day is at hand when the giving of immense amounts of money by these millionaires will be common.

Education and schools are certainly most desirable but they are not all that is needed and other objects of charity should be suggested to these men.

Clinton, Iowa, June 16, 1905.

Two weeks ago I finished "Dog Fennell" for the sixth time, and since then I have gone through "Behind the Bars." This is my second trip behind the bars, and some parts I read twice over. I have appreciated this prison more than the first, which I read through in a great hurry because a friend was waiting for it then, but now I have got it home again, I can read it, or parts of it at my leisure.

My dear brother, I would like to see that woman who said that "Under the circumstances, she was proud to be a convict's wife." Such words make the heart strings tingle, as the Scotch call it. With love to yourself and all your family, I remain faithfully,—JAMES ALEXANDER GREENHILL.

Nothing in America has developed more hypocrisy than the "infidel money" crusade that has been waged against Rockefeller by Christians when there is not one of them who would not jump at the chance to get his money on the same terms that he has and probably very much worse terms.

Rockefeller's son who will be sole heir to his fortune is joined with the father in the distribution of this money. They both seem to be moral

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In answering a preacher's question, Emil Frederick says in the Blue Grass Blade:

"By the law of gravitation the cosmic dust of gas thrown up from the sun and raised far beyond the orbit of Neptune is crystallized at that cold region and returns to the sun in the shape of planets, moons, asteroids, meteors and comets dust, which causes the chemical friction necessary for a combination of the elements composing all celestial bodies."

Mr. Frederick is one of our first subscribers and has not been reading Higher Science to no purpose. It is becoming quite common lately to find writers with correct ideas of the notions of matter.

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HOW TO BE HAPPY.

So you want some short letters on "How to Be Happy?" Well, Sir, there are several ways to be happy, and the quickest way is to put a bottle of good beer under your seat, and let your stomach send happy thoughts up into your cerebra, either that or a little good Kentucky whisky, for nothing changes mental conditions so quickly as spiritus frumenti in some form.

But, this kind of happiness is transient, and if you have too much of it there is a reaction and your stomach sends up thoughts of a different kind. Therefore it is not the way to find happiness every day and all the time; so we must look for some other. That happiness is what the whole world wants and every body is trying to get, goes without saying. But many lamentable failures are seen everywhere. Said Voltaire: "Would you tolerate life, mortals, forget yourselves and enjoy it." There is much wisdom in this remark, for the people who do so forever and at all times worrying about their future supply of happiness and who think of themselves continuously as generally miserable and unhappy. To find happiness every day of your existence there is but one way, and that way can be too much for words, get busy. The busy man whose head and hands are occupied in some congenial employment has no time to be unhappy and there is no room in this cerebrum for unhappy thoughts. It is the indolent, slothful person, that gets the greatest amount of unhappiness, and likewise those who are victims of enforced idleness as many are in great cities, in dull times. Personally, when I have been out of work for two or three days the desire to die is very strong, and life looks like a pig-roaring farce unworthy of prolongation. But when mind and body are occupied and there is something doing, all is different and my "spirits rise up like froth on beer."

Said one of the ancients, "I would rather be sick, than be idle," and "me too." Unrest and discontent are generated by idleness in every human being, and one can no more escape ennui, satiety and disgust, than he can avoid the influence of climatic changes.

Said Thomas Paine: "The man without an object in life is like an invalid in the hospital waiting for death." The world is full of such people and they merely exist, they do not live. Life is action, and the man who keeps in motion is the one who lives. Of course there is such a thing as overdoing a good thing, and having too much work, but the man who has none is the worst off. "Blessed is the man who has found his life," said Jesus, and Carlyle; and the reason he is blessed is because through his work he has found his happiness.

Said Stephen Girard: "When I rise in the morning my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly." Wise man! for the man who does not sleep soundly about one third of his existence is not well and cannot be, and if not well he cannot be happy. Sound sleep, steady nerves, quiet mind and good digestion both of which are prime factors in producing happiness. But what is happiness before we go any further?

Happiness, as I view it, is that calm and contented state of mind in which time flies quickly and the hours go like the twinkling of an eye, as between New York and Chicago. No one ever heard an unhappy man say, "How quick the time goes!" So the faster time flies the happier you are, and that is the test under all kinds of conditions. If the time passed quick today I was happy, no matter where I was or what I was doing, and so it is with everybody, and by this rule you can always tell.

Mortal man is a creature of habits, and sooner or later every one finds his rut and therein plots his way to the grave. I read that Silas Knap, a farmer, went to bed at nine o'clock and rose at five for 43 years, so that he had a bled dinner every Tuesday, salutaris biscuits every Thursday for supper, and baked beans every Saturday, during that period of time. If he missed any of these things, in other words if he was dissatisfied and unhappy, but as long as the routine was unbroken he had a contented mind.

So we see the force of habits and how machine-like human life becomes to most people as they go along to the cemetery or to the other shoe.

You cannot change old man's habits without seriously disturbing his equilibrium, so when a man has found his rut let him walk therein to the end of his days; for after the illusions and delusions of youth have come and gone, and life appears as it really is, we know, because of our own experience, that "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor." If you are looking for happiness Colwell,

or any of your readers, you will find it by keeping busy and thus shutting out those thoughts that produce unhappiness and generate melancholy. "Forget yourselves and enjoy life."—CHANNING SPRINGER.

That is another model of the kind of letters I want for this paper, and it goes to show that there are readers of this little paper that can write on anything and not have to be confined to the old humdrum discussion of religion and infidelity, subjects which, to me at least, are worn to a frazzle.

The letters that I am getting, on the new issue of the Blade, "How to be happy," are far more interesting than I ever anticipated they would be. I enjoy them all, and believe that nearly all Blade readers will enjoy them when they turn their minds to thinking in that direction and the Blade will if it is right myself, be a paper that any friend of it can lay on any family reading table or send to any cultivated and moral friend, at any time, with the only fear of giving offense, and the little paper will be a literary curiosity, the only paper in the whole world exclusively devoted to making people happy by doing good, though edited by an ex-convict who is, a second time, under conviction for the penitentiary, and who never loses a minute's sleep thinking about it, because I have found out, from actual experiment that a man, if he has lived up to his conscience can be happy in the penitentiary, as much so as out of it.

There are not many people who know that there is another penitentiary conviction hanging over me, but it is true, and all the judges of the United States Court, at Louisville, would have to do would be to pronounce the sentence and tell me what penitentiary to go to, and send me the money to go on and I would go next train; but he would have to send my traveling expenses because I haven't the money. If I had that much money I would probably go to the Welch-Wilkinson defense man, Indian Territory, beginning August 14th.

A young man who was religious, but despondent went to Martin Luther the founder of Protestant Christianity, and asked him for advice as to how to get happy, and old Martin said, "Get drunk," so the idea of Mr. Severance was not original with him.

Yes, the reaction is the trouble, so they say; I never tried it, and from what I see it would do for other people even at my age, I am afraid to tamper with it.

"That happiness is what the whole world wants and every body is trying to get goes without saying," says Bro. Severance, and every body, Christian and Infidel, saint and sinner, recognizes this truth; so why should we not discuss it?

Voltaire's suggestion that we should forget ourselves, or not be "self-centered," as my wife expresses it to me, is one of the things that I can't do and I want somebody to explain that to me.

"I have said I had a bad memory because there are so many things that I ought to forget that I can't forget." I am doing this for my own happiness, and although I am old and have not much longer to live, and do not want to know, anyway, it's hard for me to quit watching what effect the things I am saying and doing have on myself.

But "Get Busy" is one of the secrets of happiness and idleness is one of the greatest curses of life. I have spent but little of my life in idleness like the twentieth century penitentiary every time, and I have tried both.

Therefore I say to the unemployed if you cannot get work on the terms you would like take it on the best terms you can get for a man who is working for too little is more apt to get work at good wages than the man who is not working at all.

There are "victims of enforced idleness, especially in the large cities, in dull times" and when they have families depending on them, they are certainly to be pitied.

If a man in easy circumstances suffers from idleness a poor man would naturally suffer more, but, for all that, I believe that working the best you can for the best you can get is better than the strikes and trying to force rich people to employ you.

I believe the desire for life is strong in almost anybody, sometimes I know it is in me, and that old question "Is life worth living?" continually comes up to me.

We hear Christians singing "How happy are they who their Savior they," and then they go and get their lives insured and suicide.

So far from fooling any body else they do not even fool themselves. Paine was a great and good man. I have just read from Rev. Dr. Torrey, the Chicago evangelist now converting London, that it is well known that Thomas Paine (his spelling) ran off to Europe with another man's wife, but he did not tell what the woman's name was, nor where she lived nor what became of her nor when it was.

Preachers are very negligent about giving particulars in such cases.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ELDER ULYSSES GRANT WILKINSON

Dear Sir— I have received your "Gospel Searchlight," for July last, and to write you about it, hoping that, in so doing, I may help you and others including myself.

There is some in your paper that is wrong, some that is indifferent and one piece that is excellent and exactly in the right spirit that I want to feel myself and want others to be, that we may all be better and happier. I take them in order that they come, the first is on faith, repentance and baptism. The piece is perfectly legitimate and has nothing improper in it, but, even for those who believe the Bible it is without interest because it has been drummed on so long that everybody of any intelligence knows it and an article teaching some practical virtue or rebuking some common vice would have done more good.

Next there is the following: "To Whom It May Concern:"

"To all kinds of classes of soul sleepers, preachers, whether First, Second or Seventh Day Adventists, Russellites, Bradleyites, Gibbites or any other ties or knots, if this comes to your notice, you are hereby called upon to send your name to P. H. Stedman, special agent of W. L. Gibbs, who is making up a list of endorser for said Gibbs."

"Don't tarry, don't wait. Else you may be too late; But send in today To Hestand and say: I endorse your man Gibb." To shoot all his squibs, At Wilkinson's head, 'Till he is dead."

Any dignified gentleman ought to be ashamed to print a piece like that, and especially in a paper that professes to teach a religion said by its professors to be characterized by meekness and lowliness.

You Christians profess to be Christ-like. How do you think it would have done for Jesus whom you worship as God to have repeated a piece of poetry like that in the "Sermon on the Mount?"

These "Russellites, Bradleyites and Gibbites" it seems are members of your own particular sect of Christians who do not agree with you in some of the details of your creed and you call them "ties" and meaningless "knots," and then you complain that others call your people "Campbellites," when they have to do so to distinguish you from other "Christians," the name you claim for yourselves.

Be honest and fair and manly and take the heat out of your own eye that you may see the mote in your brother's eye.

Then there comes a piece called "The two laws of pardon," that is all well enough for those who believe the Bible and to which I make no objection. Then there is a piece about "Gibbs" that ends as follows:

"Some other brethren who have seen Gibbs' paper have sent me endorsement, but by far the most who know the man only speak of his weakness and wonder why I will waste time on a man of such small ability and influence. Gibbs has had a special agent in the field drumming for endorser, and he was succeeded in getting some six or eight names together who say they will stand by Willie. Not enough, Willie, not enough! If you cannot show a hundred good, able preachers who will endorse you for the job you can not make a respectable showing."

You profess to be trying to win people to the Christian religion and certainly common intelligence ought to suggest to you that talk like that tends to drive good people away from Christianity and will be used by Infidels to show that Christianity does not make people kind and refined.

You not only decline to give Mr. Gibbs even the printed civil title that is common among gentlemen, but you descend to calling him "Willie," that is undignified and discourteous and neither witty nor argumentative.

You assume great superiority to Gibbs and your paper is filled with had spelling and bad grammar; not the errors in those departments that seem to come from clerical or typographical inaccuracy such as abound in the Blade to such an extent as to give it the appearance of a rebus, but such errors as indicate to an expert that the writer does not know any better. Then there comes the piece that I wish to commend. It is headed "And he ye kind one to another"—Ephesians 4, 32."

It is written by one of your assistant editors, and is signed "Lovely W. N. Carter, Durant, Indian Territory." It is made up almost entirely of quotations from the New Testament that are so good and true and beautiful that every body, Christian

and Infidel ought to practice them, and that one piece, occupying only a column and a half is worth all else together that I have ever seen in your paper.

I would not, if I could, by simply using my hand, make an Infidel of Brother Carter. I was him, if he conscientiously came, to remain a preacher and use his influence in your paper, to teach just what he teaches in that article all of it coming out of the New Testament.

The following is a part of his heading in the article: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger and clamor and evil speaking, be put away from among you, with all malice."

And, be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. I do not believe in God or in Christ, but any rational man can see the beauty of such teaching, and in all the time that I have read your paper, with this single exception you and still more plattitudes in your paper, have filled it with sentiments exactly the reverse of all taught by Bro. Carter in quoting the New Testament, or with the threat? bare platitudes of your creed that every body has heard ad nauseam.

Then there comes some more platitudes written to the paper by some editor of his time and place, the highest exponent of Christianity in the world. Then there comes the 3rd page having some of the unreasonable children's letters that are found in newspapers, and then a stereotyped allusion of a woman the main feature of whose life is that she joined the church under the preaching of the editor who writes the thoroughly common place allusion.

Then there is another column devoted to the ridicule of "Willie Gibbs" that closes as follows: "Gibbs denies that man has anything about him that is not material. With him man is only flesh badly inflated with wind. This may be true of some men, but I am sure that he has an immortal part, an inexhaustible supply of egotism. If Gibbs denies to deny this, let him form a unit example to the Greek church, the highest exponent of Christianity in the world. Then there comes the 3rd page having some of the unreasonable children's letters that are found in newspapers, and then a stereotyped allusion of a woman the main feature of whose life is that she joined the church under the preaching of the editor who writes the thoroughly common place allusion.

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It compare that kind of talk with what Bro. Carter quotes from Ephesians and you can understand how this Christian paper is making infidels faster than an Infidel paper can do. Then there comes a piece from D. Webster, of Hagerstown, Maryland.

"The Gospel Searchlight" prints his name "Groh," but had heard of Daniel Webster before and gets that part right.

Bro Groh is a good man as an Infidel and has heard of the "Searchlight" through this paper. His piece is in an excellent and kind spirit.

"U. G. W." replies to Bro. Groh's letter. He spells the name of Thomas Paine, "Paynes," though the papers are very disagreeing his is in connection with his friend John Paul Jones, whose remains the American government are now bringing home to honor with burial on American soil.

"U. S. G." replies to Bro. Groh's kind letter by an attack on Paine, Voltaire and Ingersoll and he says of these three men:

"They claimed to be guided by reason, and such distorted reason as it was. Without knowledge, these poor, deluded mortals stumbled through life in darkness and went to the grave unrepentant and soon to be forgotten."

Paul Jones was the personal friend of Washington and Franklin. He wrote the "Age of Reason," said by the librarian at the Washington Library to have had the largest circulation of any American book, 10,000 copies.

Voltaire was the friend of Frederick the Great, called "the Great" as Alexander Campbell the most prominent man in Mr. Wilkinson's church, and with Rev. Field of the Presbyterian church, the brother of a Judge of the Supreme Court and of Cyrus W. Field, who laid the first ocean cable, and yet in the opinion of "U. G. W." these three men will soon be forgotten.

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THE CHINESE VS. CHRISTIANITY.

TWO LETTERS FROM HIGHER SCIENCE.

Some few years ago it fell to my lot to meet with Sir Hiram S. Maxim, when on a visit to Maine, which I may say is Sir Hiram's native State. He was showing his many and glorious inventions given him by various governments, and amongst others was one sent him by the Chinese Emperor.

As the Chinese had not at that time reached up to a pitch of civilization to use underground guns, I was at a loss to understand why the eastern potentate should have thought fit to send to the eminent inventor, such a costly mark of his esteem; so I was, as well as others, curious to know the reason, but I was at that time unable, for I once was the first to find out.

Some months after Sir Hiram and family's visit to Maine, Mrs. Joubert, daughter of the inventor sent me a copy of the current number of Success, and amongst the leading features of that well known publication, was a very interesting biography of Sir Hiram S. Maxim, from that I found out what I will now state.

It was that on the occasion of a very large and important Missionary meeting, which was held at St. James Hall, London, and at which many notable and church dignitaries were the subject of mission to China, the incident occurred. After many resolutions had been passed, as is usual on those occasions, and much many forms of sympathy had been launched to better the condition of the souls of the heathen, Sir Hiram S. Maxim arose to the meeting and presented as a counter resolution that "We let the Chinese alone, and allow them to select the religion they choose, as we do."

The Chinese Ambassador who was at the meeting, was so pleased, that the news was forwarded to the Emperor, who ordered the splendid jewel star to be sent to the man, who had the courage to propose such a common sense resolution, in the face of such an influential gathering.

I thought this interesting fact might be of interest to your readers, as affairs in the far east have assumed such proportions, and especially with the boxer troubles still in our memories, which hinged so largely on religious troubles caused, if I remember rightly, by the strong aversion of the Chinese to our form of religion.

WILLIAM COOPER.

Milo, Maine, June 21, 1905.

Speaking of the Religious paper Ram's Horn, the Blue Grass Blade says truly:

I have read some copies of their paper. They are fools and liars. Ram's Horn is a most appropriate name for their paper, because it is very crooked, and is a thing to blow and comes off of a head that has but little brains in it, and represents the morality of the head.

We never knew them to tell the truth but once, and that was quoted accidentally and referred to the fact that England prison statistics show an average of one Christian in twenty-three, while there is but one Infidel in 20,000, and the number are about the same, being about 7,000,000 each.

Pasadena, Calif.—Find enclosed \$3.00. One to pay for Blade until next June, one for "Behind the Bars," to be sent me, and one for "Behind the Bar" to O. E. Harrum, Los Gatos, California.

Harrum used to be a Campbellite, but I sent him a few Blades and "Dog Fennell" and then he got Paine's "Age of Reason," and tomorrow I will send him, by his wife, Ingersoll's lectures and he will soon be happy. He and his wife and daughter have read "Dog Fennell" over and over again and again.—E. LEWIS.

SPECIAL ROUND TRIP EXCURSIONS ON THE Q. & C.

Asbury Park, N. J. National Educational Association, Tickets on sale June 29th and 30th, July 1st and 2nd, limited to July 10th. Rate \$21.80. Tickets may be extended to August 31st.

Baltimore, Md. Christian Endeavor Convention. Tickets on sale July 2nd, 3rd and 4th with limit of July 15th. Rate \$16.00. Tickets may be extended to August 31st.

Old Point Comfort, Va. Summer excursion. Tickets on sale July 14th, limit 15 days. Rate \$12.00.

Atlantic City, N. J. Summer excursion. Tickets on sale August 2nd limited to August 14th. Rate \$14.00.

Old Point Comfort, Va. Summer excursion. August 12th, limited 15 days. Rate \$12.00.

For full information regarding above special rates call on, or address, G. W. Barney, Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

